

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS



Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

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Building Blocks of God

By Adolph Schalk

A MAN was walking down the street one day when he happened to pass a building project. He halted a hod carrier who was coming his way and asked him, "What are you doing?"

"Can't you see what I'm doing!" retorted the sweating laborer. "Why man, I'm hauling these accursed bricks, that's what!" And the hod carrier went his way.

A second hodman came along and dumped his load by the side of a bricklayer. When the man questioned him in the same way, he replied, "I'm just supplying Joe here with bricks, that's all." And he, too, went on.

Our friend continued his walk when he met another laborer, but this one was whistling, and he walked, for all his hod full of bricks, with a sprightly step. Again the man asked the question, "What are you doing?"

"Doing!" he cried. "Why, I'm helping to build a magnificent cathedral!"

It is the vision of the third hod carrier that makes all the difference between grudging monotony and that peace of mind which always accompanies a true evaluation of the dignity of labor.

It is the difference between the physician who regards his patients only as living test tubes of microbes, and the physician who knows them as asthmatic Mrs. Murphy or Johnny Smith with the whooping cough. It is the difference by which the employer installs the machine for the sake of the man, rather than employ the man for the sake of the machine.

It was ever thus. It was this quality which characterized a certain carpenter some 2,000 years ago, and see them apart. Let us go back to visit that era, taking with us the camera of our minds' eyes, and interview three carpenters of Palestine.

We see, in Jerusalem, the first carpenter, constructing a table for Herod's dining room. "What are you doing?" we ask him.

"Go away, I'm busy! Can't you see me trying to smooth this rough knot?" So we leave him to his work.

In Joppa, by the Mediterranean shore, we see another carpenter, sanding a table for a fisherman's wife.

So we ask him what he is doing and he doesn't satisfy us either. He even concludes:

OUR LADY, HELP OF CHRISTIANS

By Paul Claudel

*The puny child who knows he can have but little love,
When by chance upon his face he feels a kind glance rove,
Reddens and bravely smiles, determined not to cry.
So in this wicked world the orphans and those passed by.
The penniless, those without the joy that learning or humor lends.*

*As they do without everything, do equally without friends.
The poor are seldom confiding, yet a man can gain their heart.
He has only to treat them kindly, to honor them without art.
Then take this glance, this handclasp. O beggar, but trust me not!*

*Soon I shall be with my own sort and you will be forgot.
Only of friends more poor need a poor woman not be wary.
Wherefore, my burdened sister, draw near and look upon Mary!*

Poor woman, whose husband drinks and whose children are far from strong,

When you have no money for rent and death seems delayed too long,

*Ah, when everything fails you and misery presses you ill,
Come to the church and look on the Mother of God, and be still!*

Whatever injustice we bear, though our lot seem worse than all other,

*Yet when the children are sick, it is harder to be their Mother!
So, uncomplaining and hopeless, look upon her who is there,
Like a poor man finding a poorer, and each at the other stare!*

(Translated by Sister Mary David, S.S.N.D.)

OUR LADY OF MERCY WHO SHAREST OUR GRIEF



PRAY FOR US!

"... just sanding this here table, by gosh!" Then splitting, he adds, "Why do you ask?"

THEN we mount our mules, so small our feet almost drag along the ground, and are jostled to Nazareth. But what a lovely picture greets us here! Here, secluded in a little spring-fed grove, on the outskirts of the town, is a small cottage. A large, sinewy, bronze-complexioned Jew, in a carpenter's leather apron, can be seen in the workshop in the rear. He looks up, questioningly ruffling his dark brown beard, then, striding to the door, extends his hand, his wrinkles emptying into a toothful smile.

"Come in, my brothers," he

says, "Welcome to my humble shop."

"We came to interview you," we explain. "We hope you don't mind."

"Everything that I have comes from God. Why then should I mind? How can I be stingy with His gifts, when He has been so generous to me?"

His artless simplicity, the engaging warmth of his eyes, and his gracious but unaffected manner completely overwhelm us. We can scarcely recover enough to ask him, "Who are you, and what are you doing?"

"My name" he says simply, "is Joseph. My wife is Mary. And this," he says, fingering the curly black hair of a small boy who is gathering shavings from the floor,

"this . . . is Jesus." He pauses, as if what he is about to say is the most important thing in the world.

"What am I doing?" he continues. "I am building a . . . a . . . temple."

"A temple!" we exclaim, lifting our astonished eyes from the unfinished table on the work bench. "But we do not understand. All we can see here is . . . a . . . table!"

Again Joseph smiles. "It all depends on how you look at it. Yes, you are looking at a table. But when I work at that table, I am making something more than a table. I am building an altar, for the table is the altar of the home. Around it sit the members of the family, each one sacrific-

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BLACK AND WHITE BY EDDIE DOHERTY

THERE wasn't any scenery to speak of; there weren't any costumes either, if you speak in the Broadway sense of costuming. There were just a few colored boys and girls, with here and there a hint of Roman armor—a child with a sign such as pickets carry, with the initials SPQR printed on it—and a suggestion of ancient Hebraic garb.

Yet, despite all the lack of essentials, the children of Chicago's Friendship House produced a passion play that was as stirring as any seen in Oberammergau. Miss Teena Roseman, the director and producer, wasn't trying to rival the famous spectacle of the old world in pre-war days. She was merely making the Stations of the Cross come alive.

There wasn't much of an audience, either, for that matter. But those who were there that night in Holy Week were as reverent and as touched—and as silent—as the early Christians listening to St. John as he told the story of the via crucis in detail. Or so it seemed to me.

It was eerie, the way those kids got to me—those seven or eight-year-old boys rushing the Saviour on to His death, beating Him all the way with ropes' ends, kicking Him when He fell, yelling at Him, giving Him no moment of respite. One saw, in their shining, innocent round faces, the frothing lips, the red eyes, the demoniac fury of the leaders of the mob. One saw even the angry beards of the chief priests and the elders.

And the way the little Christ bent under His cross, the way He fell, the manner in which He spoke the few words written for him! There is no word for it.

Two little girls spoke between the Stations, and one of them led the audience in prayer. Now and then a few chords were sounded on the piano.

Strange how those few chords helped!

They helped to set the pace of the march to Calvary, the slow, dragging, sorrowful, pitiful parade. They helped, too, to soften the awful tension those kids produced in the grown-up people who watched them. If it hadn't been for those chords, perhaps the audience would have sobbed aloud. As it was they wept in silence.

The little boy who played Jesus hung on his cross a lit-

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HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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Mirror of Justice

HOLY MARY... HOLY MOTHER OF GOD... Help us, Thy forlorn children! For there is no one we can turn to, these tragic, dark days, that have come upon us so swiftly after the end of one of the most horrible wars ever fought on this earth that knew the sound of Your Son's voice, and still cherishes His footprints!

HOLY VIRGIN OF VIRGINS... MOTHER OF CHRIST... Give us the light of understanding that the only way we can escape the darkness that is closing on all sides around about us is by turning our hearts to Your Son and, lifting them up, begin to love Him and our neighbor!

MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE... MOTHER MOST PURE... Show us the Face of Thy Son in all men. Bring to our weary souls the knowledge that we are all one in Him and strong only in that unity of Divine Love!

MOTHER MOST CHASTE... MOTHER INVIOLEATE... Do it now... before it is too late. Before hate, the flower of evil, blooms in these our hearts and souls, choking off all vestige of grace. Before this mutual hate destroys us, and the whole world with us. Before we fall spinning into the abyss that opens at our feet! MOTHER UNDEFILED... MOTHER MOST AMIABLE... Give us sight to see there is no Jew or Gentile, no white or black, no bondsman nor free... that ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS OF ONE ANOTHER, BECAUSE THEY ARE BROTHERS OF YOUR SON, YOUR CHILDREN AND THE CHILDREN OF OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN!

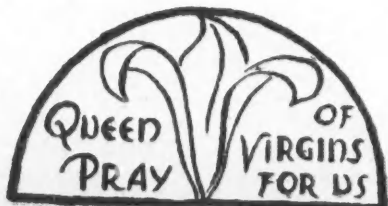
MOTHER MOST ADMIRABLE... MOTHER OF GOOD COUNSEL... With this inner sight and understanding give us courage. Flaming infinite courage, to arise and follow this path of mutual love wherever it leads... whatever its price!

MOTHER OF OUR CREATOR... MOTHER OF OUR SAVIOUR... Show us the end of this path... Show us the Fruit of Thy Womb... Make us grasp the thought that for that sight, no price—even life itself—is too high to pay!

VIRGIN MOST PRUDENT... VIRGIN MOST VENERABLE... Teach us also prudence... The true prudence of God, and tear out of our hearts the squeamish, weak prudence of men!

VIRGIN MOST RENOWNED... VIRGIN MOST POWERFUL... So that with Thy help we may become FOOLS FOR CHRIST'S SAKE... And in this great and wise "foolishness" begin to reconquer the world for Him!

VIRGIN MOST MERCIFUL... VIRGIN MOST



FAITHFUL... Ask for us from Thy Son the grace of perseverance in this divine love, prudence and foolishness, so that steady of purpose and action we might never falter along the way! MIRROR OF JUSTICE... SEAT OF WISDOM... And labor without ceasing for His justice and His peace to come and fill a world that needs it so! For without them we are lost!

CAUSE OF OUR JOY... SPIRITUAL VESSEL... Lost for eternity, as well as in time... Exorcise from our minds complacency, indifference, tepidity, lest the Lord Thy Son vomit us out of His Mouth!

VESSEL OF HONOR... SINGULAR VESSEL OF DEVOTION... Set us on fire... So that we might burn with the fire of THY SPOUSE THE HOLY GHOST... Setting other hearts on fire too, and warming this cold and dreary world with the Light of Heaven and Earth... THE LIGHT OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY!

MYSTICAL ROSE... TOWER OF DAVID... Fill our hearts with love for Thee, for you are the source of all Grace... And it is through you that we come to THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST!

TOWER OF IVORY... HOUSE OF GOLD... Have mercy on us thy children, for without you we perish!

ARK OF THE COVENANT... GATE OF HEAVEN... Let us see ourselves as the Lord sees us... And seeing, become humble and afraid with the wholesome fear of the Lord, so that arising we might have that change of heart, that alone will open the gates of heaven for us!

MORNING STAR... HEALTH OF THE SICK... Give us the strength to be our brother's keepers... In thought and deed. Detach us from ourselves... And our goods, so that we become attached only to the will of Thy Son.



REFUGE OF SINNERS... COMFORTER OF THE AFFLICTED... Teach us to pray for the Mystical Body of Thy Son of which we are such an integral part... Teach us to pray, and praying understand how closely we are all one in Him... And understanding... Open our heart and purses to all our suffering brothers in the whole world!

HELP OF CHRISTIANS... QUEEN OF ANGELS... Teach us to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the prisoners, nurse the sick, give water to the thirsty! OH HELP OF CHRISTIANS... Help us to practice the corporal works of mercy—lest we perish!

QUEEN OF PATRIARCHS... QUEEN OF PROPHETS... Help us also to practice the seven spiritual works of mercy, in a world gone mad with selfishness and greed... Lost in the stygian darkness of utter denial of Thy Son! QUEEN OF APOSTLES... QUEEN OF MARTYRS... Teach us, help us to give ourselves without counting the cost... To forget ourselves... To lose ourselves in and for others... For then and then only will we find ourselves in Christ... QUEEN OF CONFESSORS... QUEEN OF VIRGINS... Protect the Bride of your Son... The Holy Roman Catholic Church... His Vicar on earth... The Pope... All the Hierarchy, clergy, religious and lay apostles... Give them strength and courage to preach the Words of your Son His Gospel, make them daily more like Him.

QUEEN OF ALL SAINTS... QUEEN CONCEIVED WITHOUT ORIGINAL SIN... Have mercy on us! Help us to dispel the darkness of these tragic days... Help us to bring your Son back into a world that has almost forgotten Him. QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY... QUEEN OF PEACE... Have mercy on us and give us peace... Having first given us the grace to mete out His justice, the fruit of which is this peace we hunger for so much and which no one can take away from us... MIRROR OF JUSTICE... HELP US TO BE JUST... TEACH US TO LOVE GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR... SO THAT WE MAY SEE YOU AND YOUR SON FACE TO FACE WHEN OUR TIME WILL COME... AMEN.

BOOK REVIEW

Mrs. Palmer's Honey. By Fannie Cook. Doubleday & Co. \$2.50.

IF THE reader of Mrs. Palmer's Honey is even a casual student of propaganda he will be impressed, regardless of his social philosophy, with the fact that the novel is primarily, perhaps solely, the vehicle for a social message for a political line. The setting, the characters, the events call to mind a chess game with the author making all the moves and thus determining the end of the game—a political game—played thousands of times.

Any fair person, however, must be impressed by the persuasive realism of the story, for it is about events that do happen—happen often; and it is about people—intensely human people—just like those many of us know.

The novel deals with Honey Hoop, a sweet, gentle, loving, attractive, uneducated Negro girl and her family and associates. Seeking no quarrel with anyone, trying only to live out her life and to help her family live out theirs in decency and reasonable security, she finds herself caught in the struggle between the forces of progress and the forces of reaction. The action takes place in and around the Ville, the Negro settlement in St. Louis, Missouri, a border State seething with problems of both North and South to solve—or fail to solve.

The characters are types. There is Snake, who has been made hopelessly bitter by the treatment meted out to Negroes; Honey's brother, Lamb, with the idealism of youth and the increasing maturity belonging to an adult; Honey's would-be sweetheart, Ben, who makes a place for himself and does what he can for others; Emery, who sees the race conflict as part of a class struggle, with the trade unions as the real answer. The composite villain is the group of businessmen who, though differing in degrees of bigotry, are all united in preserving the status quo—all but Mr. Palmer, who will not compromise on democratic principles.

THE Marxist-Stalinist line runs through the book as a musical refrain runs through a motion picture. Materialism is the driving force on both sides of the phase of the "class struggle" with which the book deals. The influential men who control the city care only for money and power and have only contempt for the rights of Negroes and the common people generally. The labor-union members and organizers are also frankly interested in material gain for the workers and have no regard for standards which

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A.B.C. of Friendship House

(Continued from April Issue)

HOW MANY DEPARTMENTS DOES FRIENDSHIP HOUSE HAVE?

We who are "in it" do not classify our various activities outlined briefly in a previous article as "departments," but only as "techniques." However, in order to acquaint the public with our work we gladly will do this, but briefly.

FH CATHOLIC LENDING LIBRARY

Is one of our most important departments. For it brings the written word of truth to all who desire it. Each of our branches has one. The subscription price varies from twenty-five cents a year to a dollar, for two books every two weeks. We count in hundreds the people who avail themselves of this service, which also helps us to make contacts with the community in which we work.

THE MONDAY NIGHTS

Each Friendship House has them. It is really an Open Forum Night, at which the best Catholic speakers, lay and clerical, present the truths, viewpoints and teaching of the Church to the men and women desirous of hearing them. It is also a time when white and colored meet together for a common purpose. The meetings are always followed by refreshments and a pleasant social time, during which everyone gets to know each other.

STUDY CLUBS

Study Clubs on liturgy, marriage, problems of youth and labor are held at various intervals and on various days, depending on the public demand.

MISCELLANEOUS STUDIES

French, Spanish, first aid, public speaking, cooking classes, health prevention—anything and everything that can help the people of the community are often given.

INFORMATION CENTER

Though Friendship House seldom engages in actually instructing converts, for it firmly believes that this should be done at the prospective parishes, the gateway of grace of the future convert—nevertheless, preliminary information is gladly given. New York City House has a special Information Center for such. Other houses just use the existing premises. The whole program and way of life of Friendship Houses attracts many to the Church. Over 350 converts were made with the grace of God by us in the last few years.

DAYS OF RECOLLECTION AND RETREATS

These finish up the adult education program we have just described. Many Communion breakfasts are held in Friendship House, too, after participation in Mass and reception in common of Communion, now of this group, now of that.

YOUTH PROGRAMS

Every Friendship House has its particular youth program suitable for the type of community in which they are located. By and large it is divided into two or three



The Magnificat

MY soul doth magnify the Lord.
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
Because he hath regarded the humility of his hand-
maid; for behold from henceforth all generations shall call
me blessed.
Because he that is mighty, hath done great things to me; and
holy is His name.
And his mercy is from generation unto generation, to them
that fear him.
He hath shewed might in his arm: he hath scattered the proud
in the conceit of their heart.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath ex-
alted the humble.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he
hath sent empty away.
He hath received Israel his servant, being mindful of his
mercy:
As he spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and to his seed
forever.

"I think that all our youth organizations spend too much time on the good boys and none, or very little, on the boys who, almost inevitably, will drift into mischief unless they are given a helping hand. If we wish to make a serious contribution towards the solution of this great problem we must be willing not only to admit the troublesome boy into our organizations, but also to understand and help him."

—Father James J. Geary to Association of Young Christian Teachers at Liverpool.

Catholic Action

By PAUL McGUIRE

Its task is essentially the task of the apostolate. It teaches all nations. In all nations now it moves. In some there appear its first social effects. One may see the beginnings, here and there, of a new Christian commonwealth. That transformation of society for which the Holy Father pleaded, begins. This book is less a study of the principles of Catholic Action (for these, there is Civardi's admirable **MANUAL OF CATHOLIC ACTION**) than of Catholic Action in being, of the experience of Catholic Action.

The immediate task of Catholic Action is not to transform society, but to transform consciences. The transformation of society can only appear as an effect of transformed consciences. If consciences are rightly ordered, there will be right order in society. If our institutions are disordered and perverted, it is because our moral values are perverse and disordered. Society is composed of men and women. Its moral health depends upon their moral health. Catholic Action is a mission to men and women. It seeks to extend to them the meaning, the peace, the order of Christ our Lord, so that all things may be restored in Him.

age groups, between the ages of 7-18. Here we offer spiritual, educational, recreational, athletic programs all along the line, in one or two Store Fronts converted into club rooms, or in St. Joseph's House on the Farm. Two Houses specialize also in Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts programs.

SOCIAL SERVICE WORK

Effly the type of social service work done by Friendship House is mostly of the referral type, for a constant stream of people comes through the day asking for various forms of help, which such a small place as we are cannot give, but fortunately we are well acquainted with all the Community services of our Cities, and are able to save our friends much searching and time by referring them to the proper agency. Besides this service we feed the hungry, visit the sick, the sorrowful and the needy, and through our clothing room clothe the naked.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Coming either under the youth program or social service work or educational are the scholarships Friendship House gives from time to time on all scholastic levels—to young colored people (High School, College, BA, MA, PhD), predominantly TO WHITE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITIES AND SCHOOLS, FOR WE OPPOSE

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Madonna Flat in Harlem

Stockyards Worker Is Now Police Captain

Captain Harry B. Deas,
Negro, Has Outstanding
Police Service Record

By THOMAS J. WREN

From the ranks of the thousands of Swift & Company employees in the world's largest meat market to captain in the Chicago Police Department is a long road. It is not a primrose path by any means. It is indeed strewn with trials and headaches, which only men of rugged physical and alert mental ingredients meet and, through dint of exertion, overcome.

Capt. Harry B. Deas, a Negro convert to the Catholic faith, traveled this winding path. He was appointed a police captain on March 31 by Police Commissioner John Prendergast. Mayor Edward J. Kelly, one of the first persons to congratulate the newly appointed police captain, said that Capt. Deas' exemplary record symbolizes a worthy goal for American youth.

Started in Stockyards

He was unstinting in his praise of the police officer, who was born at Charleston, S. C., in 1887, came to Chicago as a boy to work in the stockyards and rose from a rookie cop in 1915 to captain in 1946.

Capt. Deas is the second Negro police captain in Chicago's history.

A Claretian missionary priest, the Rev. James Tort, C.M.F., who baptized Deas in 1932, was on hand to extend congratulations. "He is one of my boys," said Father Tort. And therein lies a story.

St. Jude League

This Spanish-born priest is small in stature, but his smile is big and his ideas are gigantic. Nearly 20 years ago Father Tort found time between administering to the material needs of Chicago's large Mexican colony, usually on a 12 and 13 hour workday basis, to organize the Chicago Police Branch of the St. Jude League.

It got under way with a handful of zealous followers under the leadership of Capt. John P. Stege, Capt. John Egan and Sgt. Ray Kenney.

The organization gained traction. Law enforcers within the County of Cook, but outside jurisdiction of Chicago police, were invited to membership, which now approximates 5,000. The Milwaukee police took fire from Chicago and organized a unit of the league.

Interesting Story

"I was a patrolman assigned to the Wabash Avenue Station, which at that time, in 1932, was under supervision of Capt. Stege," said Capt. Deas, who is in command of the old Stanton Avenue Station.

Its police protection umbrellas an area largely populated by Negroes.

"Sgt. Richard Coyne, later a lieutenant, was Capt. Stege's secretary," continued Capt. Deas.

Both were ardent St. Jude League workers.

"Harry," said Sgt. Coyne to me one morning when I re-

ported for roll call, 'do you belong to any church?'"

The Bible

"I said, 'No, Sir,' but hastened to explain this rather brusque answer that my folks down in the deep southland were deeply religious. They were Baptists. They were avid readers and followers of Christ's teachings in the Bible.

"When my heart beat resumed normalcy I parried with the information that while I didn't attend church there was a constant pricking of my conscience to give vent to the pent-up spirituality which surged in my blood. No doubt this yearning for spiritual peace stemmed from, I'm confident, a God-given soul, and came to me congenitally.

The Impressions

"Well, Harry," said Sgt. Coyne, 'why not embrace the Catholic faith? Think it over for a month or longer. Take your time. Weigh the matter carefully and when you come to a decision let me know.'

"I had been impressed with the deep-rooted zeal shown nonchalantly by Lt. John Scott, a Negro police officer and later the first colored police captain in Chicago, now retired, in the St. Jude League.

"Now, here, I had this white officer manifesting an interest in me and I was doubly impressed.



"I told my wife. She was elated. We wanted to join right away. But Sgt. Coyne said, 'No. This step is vital. It needs time and study. It is a game; when the light comes as a hit, like in a baseball game, you have to touch all bases. Decision must be preceded by preparation.'

Then comes Father Tort.

Family Pilgrimage

For weeks Patrolman Deas traveled each morning after a night of duty to Our Lady of Guadalupe church in South Chicago, many miles from his home at 33rd and La Salle street. But he had company. His wife, Mrs. Eva Jones Deas; his son, Milton (now an army lieutenant in Germany),

RACISM

"If a Catholic refuses to believe any one truth of religion, he hereby casts off the entire body of religious truth. If a Catholic refuses to believe that men of all races are equal sharers in a common human nature, he hereby rejects every single item of Catholic doctrine."

"Racism in any form whatsoever is a sin against Faith."

Quoted in the March bulletin of Catholic Interracial Council of Detroit, from an address given by Father Philomene Merrill.

Staff Workers

An occasional visitor to FH may stand in awe of the SWs. They seem to feel that a person who lives such a life is one of two things—a misfit, or a saint. I think I know most of the SWs pretty well, and so I make bold to say that they are wrong on both suppositions. SWs are neither misfits nor saints... but they are trying to be saints. And shouldn't we all. The SWs are mere normal human beings who recognize that this life is only a start, and then act accordingly. They only put first things first. Once a person realizes this, it is as natural to seek such a life as it is for a magnet to attract iron. Having so many people with "common sense" about life, living under one roof makes them outstanding. Let's not forget that there are many individuals who are leading the same sort of life, but by themselves, and so they don't attract notice.

Naturally speaking life at FH might be very difficult. Superlatively it is quite possible, because Christ gives us the means necessary to pursue it. As members of the Mystical Body, our lifestream is the grace that flows to us from Christ. This grace comes to us primarily through the mass, the sacraments, and liturgical prayer. FH participates in these means to the greatest extent possible, with daily mass and the reception of Holy Communion, and those parts of the Divine Office which is adaptable to their mode of life—Prime and Compline, morning and evening prayers said in common.

A Priest.

and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Christine Johnson, comprised the instruction pilgrimage.

The Deas family and Mrs. Johnson were baptized. Patrolman Deas was remarried in the Catholic church.

Deas Philosophy

"Materialistic man today plans a universe without the essential guidance of a Divine God," said Capt. Deas.

"In its wake, then we find the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse riding rough shod over humanity."

Capt. Deas supervises youth activities in his district and believes lack of parental authority in homes is largely responsible for youth delinquency.

"School teachers and police can't offset this lack of parental responsibility."

Day of Recollection

ON Sunday, March 31, at the Sacred Heart Convent on North Sheridan Road, we had our regular day of recollection. Father Lovely, S.J., a volunteer at F. H., said the Mass, and Monsignor Hillenbrand, our spiritual director, came over from Hubbard Woods for the conferences.

Monsignor selected as his subject, our Lady in the apostolate. Pointing out that our Blessed Mother does not receive the devotion and love she should have in this country, which is dedicated to her patronage, Monsignor stated that those engaged in the lay apostolate should be especially devoted to Mary for she is particularly the mother of apostles. We should come to her in utter simplicity and childlike love, putting our lives and our work in her care and praying constantly to her for assistance in our labors to restore the world to Christ, her Son.

Many people have the false notion that interest in the liturgy turns people away from devotion to the Blessed Mother but anyone who truly knows the liturgy finds that veneration to our Lady runs through it like a heavenly song and is the source of much of the material used for private devotions. In a short review of the "seven sorrows" traditionally attributed to Mary, Monsignor showed the relation between her suffering for and with her Son and her care for His Mystical Body.

Many non-Catholics, including two ministers, who made the day of recollection with us, were singularly impressed with Monsignor's simple and direct talks about our Lady. And the members of the staff and the volunteers came away feeling that much profit and inspiration had been gained for our work in the apostolate.

Mary Fregeau.

**FH, Chicago, NEEDS
—for the sweltering days
ahead—an Electric Fan
—PLEASE SEND US
ONE!**



I See His Blood Upon the Rose

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of
His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal
snows,
His tears fall from the skies.
I see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing
of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven
by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are
worn,
His strong heart stirs the
ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined
with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

Joseph Mary Plunkett.

CHICAGO
HOUSE
309 E 43 S

AROUND THE

By ANN HARRIGAN

Mary and Interracial

"Rejoice, Virgin Mary! Thou alone heresies! Because you believed in Archangel Gabriel."

I USED TO WONDER why the apple Mother of God in recent times have been... poor children, too... and usually... I am beginning to think it is because... enough, not dependent enough, not... of our weakness enough.

BERNADETTE could never make much... yet the Queen of Heaven and earth... times that we know of, and told her secret... the atom bomb seem like a pinwheel. Lourdes, not to the university students... this simple sickly child who found arith...

MELANIE OF LA SALETTE is another of her story (as we lay apostles owe so much to her). Melanie made a rather bold stand... often by "Little Brother." She said, "I... to school any more, because there is... afraid my heart might hear it." Though... children without visions, she certainly... nerve of our weakness in modern times—

SHE was abandoned at the age of three... cruelly mistreated her. The beautiful... Ford shows the bruised and beaten Melan... and lost (deliberately by her mother) in a... over by a huge cosmic angel "lest she d... a stone." She was what we moderns v... Yet listen to her wisdom: "It must be ac... fidelity of a heart in which God is present... other fidelity."

OUR BLESSED MOTHER appeared to... of Fatima in the hidden hill-country of Por... there was Juan Diego, the humble Indian... of the Virgin of Guadalupe has fertilized... for 400 years.

The strange thing about all of these ap... was to humble children, the simple one... the Mother of God told about the woes... how they can be cured.

It would strike us as being foolish, w... minds of children with the remedies to... order?

Mary told them that the reform of t... about if we turn to her and say the Rosa...

There are so many plans for post-war so... get so wearisome, seem so inadequate?... these post-war plans enough intelligence... tellible. But how can the latest five-g... greed, lust, pride, dishonesty, infidelity... rest of our human sorrows, sins, miseries... in the mystery of the human soul—our... our families, our country, all the peoples...

THE MISSING INGREDIENTS IN THE... lie in the POWER OF GOD... FAITH... above all, Love. For we must become... enough to bear God within us as Mary on...

TO BEAR GOD WITHIN US... We a... the dwelling place of the Holy Trinity!... this immense force within us if we do no...

This is how the Rosary can help. "The... the sake of prayers, and the prayers are... the mysteries," says Maisie Ward in the... Rosary." In the history of the entire h... nothing more important than the Incarna... and Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Chris... us to think about them more often, and is... coming our distractions by giving us some...

But how does this tie up with the post... By thinking about these Mysteries of o... are thinking about REALITY... that... knowing the truth about things, we are... to work for a true order based on justice...

Because Mary believed... because she... she persevered in... WHAT SHE DIDN'T... STAND (though she had the most brillian... was!)... Mary has crushed all heresies, s...

ALL HERESIES!... including what F... the burning heresy of our day—RACISM... that one of Mary's names in her litany is... TICE. Those who hunger and thirst afte... labor that all men may begin to live as... the white and colored in this country, mu... help us to see and to make others see cle... mother's heart, the extent of the found... tical Body by callousness, indifference, sl... promise, etc. She can show us how to...



THE HOUSE HARRIGAN

Interracial Justice

Thou alone hast destroyed all believed in the words of the Common BVM.

by the appearances of Mary the ones have been chiefly to children and usually not overbright. Now is because we are not children enough, not poor enough, nor aware

er make much of herself at school and earth appeared to her 18 told her secrets that would make pinwheel. The Lady walked in city students or teachers—but to found arithmetic hard.

TE is another one. We owe much (es owe so much anyway) to Leon er bold stand after being coached She said, "I don't want to come e there is too much noise; I'm t." Though not a model for school e certainly puts the finger on the dern times—confusion.

age of three by a mother who e beautiful picture by Lauren beaten Melanie wandering dazed mother) in a forest, but watched l "lest she dash her foot against e moderns would call illiterate. t must be acknowledged that the od is present must be above any

appeared to the urchin children ountry of Portugal, too. And then umble Indian boy whose vision as fertilized the arts of Mexico

all of these appearances—is that it e simple ones of the world, that out the woes of these times and

g foolish, wouldn't it, to fill the remedies to rebuild a just social

reform of the world will come say the Rosary!

or post-war society. Why do they inadequate? Surely there is in intelligence to cope with the in latest five-year plan deal with y, infidelity, ingratitude, and the ins, miseries? We are here deep an soul—ourselves, our friends, l the peoples of the world.

ENTS IN THESE PLANS? Be- ... FAITH ... HOPE ... LOVE must become humble and loving as Mary once did.

US ... We are nothing less than oly Trinity! Yet we cannot tap s if we do not meditate often.

n help. "The beads are there for prayers are there for the sake of Ward in the "Splendour of the the entire human race there is n the Incarnation, Passion, Death d Jesus Christ. The Rosary helps often, and is a real way of over-iving us something to hold on to, with the post-war world?

ysteries of our life and faith. we Y ... that is, the Truth. And ings, we are in a better position ed on justice.

because she obeyed ... because SHE DIDN'T FULLY UNDER- most brilliant intellect that ever all heresies, says S. Bernard.

uding what Pope Pius has called y—RACISM. I like to remember her litany is MIRROR OF JUS-nd thirst after justice, those who in to live as brothers, especially country, must see that Mary can others see clearly, because of her of the wounds made in the Mys- difference, slowness to act, com- us how to bind these wounds,

WILL YOU PLEASE HELP THE CAMP FUND

ON her way home from lunch one afternoon a little girl came with the question. "Mr. Bill, when do we go to camp this year?" I did not answer her question immediately for I was debating with myself what to say. Then trying to be brave and whispering a hurried prayer to the patron of beggars, Father Francis, I replied, "Oh, we'll go some time in July." Yes, we hope it will be possible in July, if St. Francis will inspire our many friends to come to our assistance and help us to raise the \$300.00 needed to send at least 16—or if possible 20—of our children away from the South Side to the country for a ten-day period.

Last year through the donations we received, we were able to send 14 children away for a two-week period. The cost of this was over \$200.00. You can understand our dream and desire of sending even more children this year.

Why do we want to do this? First of all it is a Corporal Work of Mercy to harbor the harborless, by sending children to summer camp we help harbor them from the heat of the city's summer, from the congestion of overcrowded homes, and from the germs and unsanitary conditions that are the effect of this overcrowding.

In addition to the summer camp, the summer program includes trips to the country for a day. Last year too, thanks to the generosity of Miss Joan Quilty, the girls went out to Napierville and the following weeks the boys were guests of the Benedictine Fathers of Lisle. As Napierville and Lisle are some fifty miles from Chicago, one can understand that there is a need for traveling expenses which the children cannot afford. We have the places to go but the cost of carfare is our problem. And part of the expense will come from the camp fund. Will you help us?

This year we hope to send some children to white homes for a period of two weeks. This will help to create a good understanding in race relations with the children from the South Side and the neighborhoods where they will visit. If you would like to know more about this plan write to us and we will be most happy to tell you about it.

Bill Flynn.

A Priest.



and heal them. This country after all is hers. It was the "Salve Regina" that broke the twilight stillness of these shores, when Columbus and his men first saw America. We are dedicated to her Immaculate Conception. Can we who work in the apostolate in this country hope to restore all things to Christ without His Mother? Perhaps that is why we have hit so many, so great difficulties.

Let us think of Bernadette, of Melanie and the rest when we see our small numbers, our own weaknesses. Let us turn to the Virgin of Virgins Most Powerful. She is the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. And she has come back in our day expressly to tell us that it is the Rosary (i. e. prayer and the cultivation of the inner life) that will regenerate the world ... if we but use it.

"RACISM in one form or another is spread everywhere; it is an obvious outcome of modern paganism and materialism. In fact, it is the worst kind of materialistic mockery of mankind, a philosophical absurdity, a pseudo-scientific nightmare, an insult to Christianity and the worst kind of barbarism. It is a reeking vomit of moral degeneracy and mental atrophy."

Rev. Augustine J. Osgniach, O.S.B., THE CHRISTIAN STATE, Milwaukee, Bruce, 1943, 203.

Staff Workers

A PERSON who shares in this divine life to any great extent realizes that he cannot remain static, but must communicate this life to others. So FH is essentially a participation in the lay apostolate. We realize the great necessity of such work, for we priests must admit that alone, we are powerless to rechristianize the world. FH and other such groups can penetrate where no priest could ever go. They gain the confidence of people who might run at the approach of a Roman collar—for unfortunately, all of us are not Bing Crosby! FH is established only by invitation of the bishop of the diocese in which it is located. Working in this way, any attempts, whether from ignorance or malice, to brand it anticlerical, are utterly ridiculous.

To participate worthily in the lay apostolate, the SWs realize they must be martyrs, i. e., witnesses to Christ. This may not entail dying by the sword, but it does require dying to self. They are willing to bear not only the sufferings that are sent them, but also to share in the sufferings of their less fortunate brothers in Christ, and so, e. g., they adopt a life of poverty. This is not done for the sake of publicity or admiration, but because it is a privilege to suffer with Christ. Like St. Paul, they rejoice in suffering because it brings the opportunity of becoming coredeemers with Christ. "I rejoice," St. Paul wrote, "in the sufferings that I bear for you; and what is lacking in the sufferings of Christ, I fill up in my own flesh." (Col 1, 24.)

Letter of PROTEST To a Catholic Magazine

Dear Editor:

Miss —, in a column of your magazine discusses "Colored Domestic." She believes "segregation of the races is also necessary if we are to preserve racial characteristics"

Her discussion is illogical, un-Christian and undemocratic. I hereby request to submit a response to it.

Segregation is an ancient psychological mechanism used by men the world over whenever they desire to shut themselves away from the problems and conditions which they fear and do not feel they have the strength and ability to solve. Segregation is so destructive that it, in itself has become a menace to the health of our culture and individual souls. Father Dunne in "The Sin of Segregation," says, "The mind which is bent upon defending racial segregation is inevitably forced to take refuge in equivocation, subterfuge, evasion and rationalization. The passage through which this leads is tortuous and labyrinthine and warps the logical processes of the mind. No conclusion which it reaches, however absurd, should be surprising."

Many advocates of segregation are victims of our American education which always taught the superb and idealistic function of the "melting pot" but failed to teach the similarities of the people. This system concentrated on the differences. The fact that we are all alike with the same feelings, power for good, capacities for harm, was lost through class-room attention to dissimilarities. Many people have not had the energy or the will to remedy these educational oversights; and desire to continue to be guided by prejudice instead of truth. Miss — has the same paranoid symptoms that are found in the other advocates of segregation—violence, sensitiveness to criticism, stereotyped defenses, over-esteem of themselves and the emotional needs of others, reluctance to reach out and accept new ideas, a profound desire to withdraw from everything hard to face, everything that requires of the personality further growth. Lillian Smith says "Those who believe in this philosophy of segregation have chosen the schizophrenia way, withdrawing from reality, and this withdrawal has profoundly affected their minds and emotions."

ADVOCATES of racial segregation are prone to consider segregation as an economic and political unit and yell, "Educate the Negro." They are afraid to face the fact that race prejudice and

the culture patterns of segregation which have grown out of their complex feelings about skin color affect them and their children on every level of life and culture. They fail to realize that a personality cannot grow and mature without self-esteem, feeling of security, faith that he shall be able to live as a human being. No white child educated under segregation can be free of arrogance, hardness of heart, blindness to human needs. Segregation breeds distorted and twisted personalities. Nor do we have a full and mature Negro child under segregation. Full human persons cannot develop as long as they remain in need of that which makes them human.

The racial segregationist has become a stereotyped thinker. Because of the rigid character of his mental processes which mold the material of experience into fixed channels, the stereotyped thinker does not first see and then define, he always defines first and most of the time never sees. Miss — uses many of these arguments.

She repudiates the teaching of the Church and desires to become a heretic in stating: "The church may favor this sort of thing because she is interested chiefly in souls or she may accept the inevitable and try to make the best of a bad situation; it appears to be up to the laity to look out for the preservation of the white race." Father Dunne says, "You profess a doctrine which is branded as false by science, forbidden by the inspired word of God, condemned by the Vicar of Christ, and which by denying that the Negro is a human person—is fully equal to every other human person, violates the fundamental principle of justice."

TO be an advocate of racial segregation is to repudiate our Constitution and to deny every syllable of meaning in the story of America. Most people fail to realize that every law we have is based upon the principle of the individual and his rights. They fail to remember that whenever a group is disenfranchised or destroyed, mankind then selects another victim. In such a case it could be themselves. They should realize the truth; those who persecute one group inevitably turn upon another. We condemn the Nazi bigots for their racial ideals and their mass of ignorant haters. We sent our boys overseas to destroy these theories and we here proclaim those same theories. Yes, racial segregation must go in America the same as Nazi racial theories have been vanquished in Europe. The mind that believes in racial segregation has ceased thinking, it is perfectly prepared for the next lie and the next. We must follow Him who spent His whole life teaching people the truth about human relations: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

Sincerely yours,
CLIFFORD THOMAS.

ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA!
COME OUR QUEEN
COME OUR LADY +
INTO THY GARDEN,
* THE SCENT
OF THY GARMENTS
IS SWEETER THAN INCENSE

I Would Wish

I would wish to be food, drink, clothing and every earthly good in order to assist them (the suffering) always. I would wish to be changed into light for the blind, into hearing for the deaf, and into health for the sick. When I think of the dead or see such, I would wish to be life to permit them to rise from the dead, so that they might be enabled to do all the good which they really would perform if they were to return.

—Ven. Vincent Pallotti.

ST. PETER CLAVER,



"FOREVER THE SLAVE OF THE NEGROES"

Sanctify Yourself

You should inhale God and exhale God, find God in everything and communicate God to all; create about you a divine atmosphere. Sanctify yourself, but sanctify yourself in the manner in which God wishes to have you sanctified. Sanctify yourself in the world, in social life, if necessary, in a health resort and in amusement. Holiness consists in the fulfillment of the will of God. In a word, become a saint such as to be all to all men and so to make them captive for Jesus Christ.

—Ven. Vincent Pallotti.

STAFF REPORTER

By M.C.K.

"BUT do you really wear second-hand clothes?" is a very common question asked of staffworkers of Friendship House. The answer is "Yes, and we're glad to get them." We trust that God who clothed the lilies of the field and the orioles and the mink won't forget us and He doesn't. If we need anything we tell the person in charge of the clothing room. When something comes in that a staffworker needs it is brought up and put on the daybed in the dining room of Madonna Flat. If it fits and the staffworker still needs it she takes it. If not, it is taken back to the clothing room by the first person going that way. For this reason it is exceedingly dangerous to leave anything on this daybed unless it is genuinely detached from it. The staffworkers may decide it is the answer to a maiden's prayer and be off with it. If this danger does not materialize it may get taken back to the clothing room and be distributed to an untraceable corner of Harlem. This last happened even to the toothbrush of an unsuspecting volunteer once, much to her amazement.

Our way of getting clothes is really a very luxurious one. There is no tiresome looking in crowded stores. If the Lord wants you to get something new He'll send it. We don't have to worry about price tags. A model from Sak's is no more expensive to us than a little number from Klein's. Of course, there is no alteration department but if there is a great deal of alteration needed, evidently the garment is meant for someone else. There's not much use fussing about what is becoming. If only blue and white cottons come in your size that's what you wear that summer. Lo and behold, next summer in comes a dream of a green and white-striped chambray much prettier than any seen in the store windows! Just what your heart desires!

Some really amazing things happen. When Flewie was due to visit Chicago to help a worker who was recovering from an operation she began to realize that she needed dresses. The day before she was to go a box of beautiful dresses in just her size and taste came in. We made her take three of them and she presented a fine appearance in Chicago. When Anne comes to New York there is always something just meant for her.

Every so often a little black dress comes in that you know has been someone's pride and joy and standby. It does things for you. Maybe you can see some natural reason why the owner tore herself away from it. There may be a little worn spot or a button missing but at Friendship House it is a mark of distinction to be a bit shabby. And that black saves on the cleaning bills. We sometimes wonder if that's why Our Lord said, "They who are clothed in white garments are in the houses of kings." To keep things white in New York takes both time and money, both of which are scarce in Friendship House.

BUYING something new is a sign of loss of faith and usually is rebuked in the most charming manner. One staffworker felt she absolutely had to have an Easter bonnet and nothing seemed to come in. So she went downtown and used a couple of her five dollars for that month to buy a new one. She didn't like it too well, either. When she got back to Harlem there was a box addressed to her by a total stranger with several hats in it, one just like the hat she wished she could find, and the others all good hats and very becoming. Another time a staffworker bought a pair of shoes and brought a very avalanche of them upon herself, all in her size and in different styles. The trick seems to be to wait one day in blind faith after all hope has gone and you'll get what you need.

In this exceedingly germ-conscious age we are often asked, "But aren't you afraid you'll catch something from wearing second-hand clothes?" That is taken care of by having things cleaned if they seem to need it or by giving them a good, thorough washing or pressing which will kill germs. Most germs require great care to keep them alive, as any laboratory worker will tell you. God has equipped the human body with remarkable germ-killing ability. So we don't lose any sleep worrying about germs.

We and many other residents of Harlem have very kind thoughts of those people who go to so much trouble sending us clothes. They cut down the expenses of Friendship House in a very noticeable way. If the money to clothe staffworkers had to come out of our slim bank account many other activities would have to be cut out. These kind people are the tools in the hand of Divine

"Let us pray, dearly beloved, to God the Father almighty, that He purge the world of all its errors, banish diseases, drive away famine, open the prisons, loose the shackles, grant to those that journey to be restored to their homes; to the sick, health; to those at sea a haven of safety."

From the Mass of Good Friday

"Catholics should be only too ready, for the sake of Christian civilization now in peril, to take a full share in helping to shape the new social order. Let us, as a beginning, cease to refer to ourselves as an unimportant and insignificant minority. That sort of talk is out of date and contrary to the facts. We have the Faith. We have our leaders. Where we are lacking is in the number of Catholics willing to enter public life. Let us correct that fault and, though we shall not in our time be in a majority, we shall be very far from unimportant. Even as things stand, however, we have no reason and no excuse to be daunted by anyone or any problem."

—The Universe, LONDON.

Black and White

(Continued from page 1)

the time, and died, and was taken down, and was carried away; and everybody just sat there, doing nothing, saying nothing, thinking God only knows what.

Then some inspired woman announced that coffee would be served in the room next door—and everybody got up and walked out. Most of them walked in a sort of daze—and some looked around for the holy water font as they reached the door, thinking, perhaps, that they were leaving a Cathedral.

We didn't see a passion play. No. We saw Christ die.

Providence and will be richly rewarded. As the Baroness would say, "May God love them. We do."



Building Block of God

(Continued from page 1)

ing the best morsel of food for the other. Around it the family pray, and know, without saying it, what it means to call the house they live in, home.

"But then when I consider and ponder further it is even more than an altar that I am making. Each board that is lumbered is like a building block of the Kingdom of Heaven. Each grain of sawdust or shaving that curls and falls to the floor, is like some little sin or fault that has no place in the City of God.

"When I lift a board, saw it, or plane it, I am not merely sawing, lifting, planing, smoothing a piece of wood. I am doing all that, of course. But I am doing something much finer. I am lifting, sawing, planing . . . yea,

Requiescant in Pace!

DEEPLY we of Friendship House mourn the passing of two great friends, Rev. Monsignor Joseph Stedman and Rev. Mother Stevens of Manhattanville College. Reverently we beg them to remember us to the Lord of Life and Love.

To me, personally, their passing is a great and deep loss. For long ago and far away when I came alone to Harlem, to start what today is Friendship House, they were among the first, with Rev. Mother Damman, also of the Order of the Madness of the Sacred Heart, to give me the most precious gift I could have received at that crucial time. Love, understanding, encouragement and help.

It was to the Precious Blood Monastery, Father Stedman, and the good sisters, that I went for one of the very first Interracial retreats ever held by Friendship House. It was Mother Stevens who invited me to speak to the students of Manhattanville College and to recruit volunteers there. What a help that was! She organized the first C.Y.O. Outing of Friendship House youth to the College. What fun we had in its spacious grounds!

It would take volumes to tell of the infinite and precious charity of these two holy souls. To me personally, to all of us at Friendship House. Deeply we mourn their passing, for indeed we have lost two great friends. . . MAY THEIR SOULS REST IN PEACE, AND THE PERPETUAL LIGHT OF GOD SHINE UPON THEM.

building my mansion in the Kingdom of Heaven.

"But when I think even deeper yet, it is more than a house or mansion that I am building. I am building a temple of God. For by my hands and by my trade I provide a livelihood for my family. But in sweating and carpentering and providing a livelihood for my family I am doing more than being just the "breadwinner". I am building and forming and fashioning and preserving living temples of God also. Each member of my family is a living temple of the Living God.

"It is for Jesus especially that I cannot allow my work to become a drudgery or wearisome task. It is for Him that my work, with its sawdust and splinters, is as precious and dignified and glorious, in a finite way, as the work of Him Who carpentered the Universe is precious and dignified and glorious, in an infinite way."

"Look out of the windows," Joseph now beckons, "there goes old Jacob to gather sticks in the forest. There is nothing amazing or especially interesting about his work. And yet, his reward in heaven will exceed that of the Pharisee, dressed in saffron robes paid for, in part, by the wood gatherer's mite.

"Yonder comes Achab, the peddler. Is it only pots and scarfs he is selling? No, for if he dedicates his seemingly mean and lowly work to God, he will peddle himself right into Heaven.

"The physician snips at human entrails. The ditch digger pierces through the sluggish clod into the entrails of clay. Both are contributing to life; the one to the life of the body, the other to the life of a building whose foundation will rest in his excavation. But with the right spirit, both will be sharing a greater life, and will be restored to the immortal incorruptible friendship of God."

Thus speaks Joseph, and we bid him farewell. But we cannot bid farewell to his magnificent example of the dignity of labor, and by applying the blessings of the Church to our everyday implements of work we can place our saws, chisels, our hammers, our brooms and mops, our pens and typewriters, our machines, our shovels, our caps, our white collars or our overalls,—and our hearts, under the protective shadow of the cross.

The Well of Pity

By Geoffrey Chaucer

Almighty and all merciable queen,
To whom that all this world fleeth for succour,
To have release of sinne, sorrow, and tene,
Glorious virgin, of alle flowers the flower,
To thee I flee, confounded in errour!
Help and relieve, thou mighty debonaire,
Have mercy on my perilous langour!
Vanquished me hath my cruel adversaire.

* * * * *

Glorious maid and mother, which that never
Were bitter, neither on earthe nor in sea,
But full of sweetness and of mercy ever,
Help that my father be not wroth in me!
Speak thou, for I now dare not him y-see.
So have I done on earth, alas the while!
That certes, but if thou my succour be,
To stink eternal he will my soul exile.

* * * * *

Moses, that saw the bush with flames red
Burning, of which there never a stick burned,
Was sign of thy unspotted maidenhood.
Thou art the bush on which there 'gan descend
The Holy Ghost, the which that Moses wend
Had been a fire; and this was in figure.
Now lady, from the fire thou us defend
Which that in hell eternally shall dure.

* * * * *

O very light of eyen that are blind,
O very joy of labour and distress,
O treasurer of bounty to mankind,
Thee whom God chose to mother for humbles!
From his handmaid he made thee mistress
Of heaven and earth, our prayer up for to bede.
This world awaiteth ever on thy goodness,
For thou ne failest never wight at need.

* * * * *

Virgin, that art so noble of apparel,
And ledest us into the highe tower
Of Paradise, thou show me and counsel,
How I may have thy grace and succour;
All have I been in filth and in errour.
Lady, unto that court thou me adjourn.
That called is thy bench, O fresh flower!
There-as that mercy ever shall adjourn.

Mrs. Palmer's Honey

(Continued from page 2)

stand in their way. Negroes are told candidly that the CIO is on their side not on moral grounds but because it is in the interests of white labor.

Even human life and individual personality are considered important only as they relate to the molten mass—the mass movement, the mass organization. People are good or bad—are to be rewarded or punished, befriended or ostracized—in terms of their positions on Mrs. Cook's somber chess-board. Personal merits just don't count. Mrs. Cook shows prowess in moving her characters across the board

well. She doesn't even overlook the "win-the-war-second-front now" approach.

Whether or not one agrees with Mrs. Cook, he owes it to himself to read Mrs. Palmer's Honey. It is entertaining, stirring, sometimes inspiring—a thought-provoking commentary on our times.

By Vincent Baker.

(Published through the kindness of the editors of America.)

(Mr. Baker is the brilliant and dynamic leader of the Modern Trend which is a very active group working for interracial justice.)

RACIAL HARMONY

You know that God made the flowers.

In fact He made everything. "So the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the furniture of them. And God saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good."—Genesis.

But the flowers—some of them He made white, some a beautiful red, some a gorgeous yellow. Others He made brown. Still others black. And we see gardens after gardens of these vari-colored flowers, unmatched in their glorious splendor, which God has made. The gardener has been only His helper. They all stand together in beautiful harmony. Had their Creator made them all the same in height and size and color, they would become monotonous, tiresome and uninteresting.

So it was also that the same God introduced variety of color into the nationalities and races. Unending variety in height and size and color. And all for His own good purpose. Some are red, some black, others brown, yellow, or white. And it is all God's work, not man's.

Does it become anyone, then, to criticize the handiwork of His Creator? Does it become anyone to become poisoned by racial discrimination or hatred? To become so poisoned would not be criticizing the creature but the Creator. It would not so much be finding fault with our fellow-man as finding fault with God.—Exchange.

SAINT JOSEPH



"Homes in which people live with a sense of humanity, respectability, and dignity are a thousand times more important for large numbers of poor families than the improvement of a highway on which persons can travel more comfortably. Our government, whether it be municipal, state, or national, cannot evade its responsibility of clearing slums, of encouraging housing projects, and of helping to provide fit habitations for the poor."

—MOST REV. JOHN T. McNICHOLAS, Archbishop of Cincinnati.

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A.B.C. of Friendship House

(Continued from page 3)

ANY FORM OF JIM CROW AND SEGREGATION, ESPECIALLY ON THE SCHOLASTIC LEVEL.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

A monthly newspaper printed by us, subscription price fifty cents a year, dealing with both the specific works of Friendship House itself, and the broad field of Interracial Justice, is part and parcel of our techniques.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE PRESS

Part of our writing apostolate, it issues several pamphlets a year on matters pertinent to Friendship House way of life, or again dealing with the broad aspects of our work in the interracial field. Up to date the following pamphlets have become available:

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STORY, 25c; FRIENDSHIP HOUSE SPEAKS, 10c; MANIFESTO OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, 5c; HARLEM MADONNA, 10c; FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STAFF WORKERS, 15c; OUTER CIRCLE OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE, 15c; A DATE WITH CHRIST, 5c; many new titles are pending.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE LECTURE BUREAU

Offers interested groups, clubs, Church societies, well-known speakers: BARONESS CATHERINE DE HUECK, Founder of Friendship House and noted authority on Catholic Action. MR. EDDIE DOHERTY, celebrated newsman and author of "Gall and Honey" and "Splendor of Sorrow," two Catholic recent best sellers. MISS ANN HARRIGAN, local director of the Chicago Friendship House and assistant Director General of FH, an outstanding, fiery speaker on human rights and dignity. MISS MABEL KNIGHT, local director of NYHouse, a thoughtful and forceful speaker on the so-called Negro problem, and MISS MONICA DURKIN, Director of St. Joseph's Farm, formerly in charge of the Interracial Sacred Heart Center of Cleveland, well worth hearing and many others specializing in various phases of the Lay Apostolate. (If interested please write to FH Lecture Bureau, 8 West Walton Place, Chicago, Ill.)

DEPARTMENTS PERTAINING TO THE INNER WORKINGS OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

These can be briefly listed, as each of them is self-explanatory: FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, dealing with the begging and spending of the money collected. THE TRAINING OF STAFF WORKERS, both at the Center in Canada, to which the new applicants come, as well as through the years at the respective Friendship Houses, is definitely a special job. THE HOUSE-MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT, dealing with the feeding, sheltering and well being of each and every member of Friendship House is another. THE OFFICE WORK is one of the biggest and busiest ones again, for the continual flow of letters mounts with the years—reaching the almost fantastic number of eighteen to twenty thousand a year between all houses. The files, the sending of packages, literature, mailing every month the Friendship House News, and twice a year the Begging Letters, keeping track of subscriptions—all this means a lot of work.

THE OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR GENERAL, with its executive and correlating as well as clarifying prerogatives, is a busy place too. As are the activities of the OUTER CIRCLE, which has a two-fold function: to extend the apostolate of Friendship House to outside local groups interested in its work and in God and the things of God in general. And the writing and mailing of the MONTHLY LETTER OF THE FRIENDSHIP HOUSE CIRCLE, which repeats the lectures and discussions of the Chicago Circle to almost eight hundred out-of-towners.

Such then are briefly the "DEPARTMENTS OF FRIENDSHIP HOUSE."

GRAIL SUMMER SCHOOL SCHEDULE

The Grail Schools of Apostolate for Young Women (Between 17 and 25)

June 11 to June 16—Richmond, Virginia
June 21 to June 26—Raleigh, North Carolina
June 30 to July 3—Indianapolis, Indiana
June 29 to July 5—Fargo, North Dakota
Aug. 5 to Aug. 11—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Aug. 26 to Sept. 1—Toledo, Ohio
June 12 to Sept. 15—Grailville, Loveland, Ohio
Oct. 6, 1946, to Oct. 1, 1947—Grailville, Loveland, Ohio
For descriptive folders on the 1946 Schools of Apostolate and for further information write to: Miss Mary Alice Duddy, Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Farm Bulletin

By MONICA DURKIN

SPRING comes a little later in Wisconsin but it is worth waiting for—as I write the air is warm and comforting and the sun has lured some of the small boys down to the river to fish this peaceful Saturday morning. Now and then a piece of shiny new red farm machinery goes past the house and the silence is broken only by the noise of tractors working in nearby fields. What a pleasant sound it is and how brown and rich the upturned clods of earth! Everyone is busy housecleaning and blankets and rugs hang for long bright hours in the sun and wind.

Our library is open daily except Sunday and Thursday, and after school each afternoon we have a few boys and girls, breathless and rosy-cheeked after their hike, come in to draw books—we find the dog and Tarzan stories have a fatal fascination for the boys, while the girls prefer the less hazardous adventures of Judy Bolton and the Carolyn Keens mysteries. We have a group of teen-agers on Wednesday nights—they pop corn, drink pop, dance and play games. This week we initiated them into the FH national sport—the game of Coffee-Pot and, believe me, they thought up some tough ones.

We have had many guests since the weather began to be milder—among them Major Jack Fisher and his wife—enroute to Minneapolis with an army exhibit. Jack is an old FH worker from the New York House, so it was good to have him and his charming wife. Then, too, Fred Witt, a Chicago volunteer, came up for a day or so and became so enamored of the Farm that he will spend the summer with us. This morning a letter came from Robert Mass of St. Meinrad's Seminary, telling us the good news that he, too, will be with us for the summer. How wonderful it will be to have them to work in the garden and make the repairs so needed in the barn, etc.

The need for raising our own food becomes more and more apparent as we read the descriptions of the frightful starvation in Europe. We hope to make our diet more and more wheat-free so that we can do our part to share what we have here in the United States with our suffering brothers in Europe. Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll writes that "Europe is pulverized, paralyzed, stunned and flat. No words could exaggerate its awful devastation, its appalling misery, its complete prostration. In these emergency conditions the mind of the Holy See will naturally turn

PEACE

Do not look forward to what might happen tomorrow; the same everlasting Father who cares for you today, will take care of you tomorrow, and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering, or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it.

Be at peace then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.

St. Francis de Sales.

more and more to America." There are many groups working to send money, food and clothes to the stricken peoples of Europe, including the War Relief Services, National Catholic Welfare Conference, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, NW, Washington, D. C. Let us be generous in helping these people who have felt so cruelly the heavy hand of war. And to quote an old Irish saying: "He is the One who will be thanking you at the last."

Our friend and staff worker-by-remote-control Cecilia McNicholas of Racine gave another of her successful soirees and netted a nice little donation for the Farm. Cecilia combines the musical, the social and culinary and the apostolic, and the result is a happy and inspiring evening for all who attend.

Reading the report of the American Council on Race Relations we find some good news and some not so good. Among the better things we note that a Wisconsinian, Joseph T. Kluchsky, retired police chief of Milwaukee, has been chosen as chief consultant in a new program of training police in race relations. This is a field where Negroes have suffered much and it is good to read that progressive mayors and police chiefs all over the nation are inviting Mr. Kluchsky to give courses to their police departments.

One of our favorite magazines is "Tabernacle and Purgatory," a modest little monthly published by the Benedictine Sisters of Clyde, Missouri, for the reasonable sum of one dollar a year. This month the magazine quotes for its readers from the book, written by the Archbishop of Mexico, Most Rev. Luis Martinez, and called, simply, "Jesus." May we give you a sample of it that you may be tempted to read the whole thing:

"We are to take this ALL, literally, without making exceptions, just as it sounds; for we are so prone to make exceptions: certain temptations, certain circumstances unfavorable to our sanctification, our defects, and above all, our falls. But where God makes no exceptions, neither should we. ALL cooperates for our good. As a consequence, persecutions from without and struggles from within, dangers and temptations, our defects and our very falls, EVERYTHING works together for the good of those who love God. If this be the case, then all that happens to me is for my good (since I am of the number of those who love God and whom God loves), which means that absolutely nothing should disquiet me. If I become ill, blessed be God: this infirmity shall sanctify me; if I am cured, blessed be God: my health shall be a means of going good. If I am persecuted, blessed be God: it will shake my lukewarmness; if the persecution ceases, blessed be God: now with greater liberty I shall be able to devote myself to my sanctification. If I see myself tempted, 'Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been proved, he shall

Who's Who in FH

MARGARET NICOLSON is young. Margaret is grand. Margaret is courageous and she has what it takes. Though she is really an easterner—from New Jersey, she lived in Chicago when we met her. She is one of our few beloved colored Staff Workers. She is also a convert, and a wonderful one—desiring with a great desire to know ever



more of that glorious Faith, that came to her, so unexpectedly.

A year ago she applied to join Friendship House-Inner-Circle-the Staff Workers. We were happy to accept her, and after a few months in Chicago she left with Monica Durkin to go to the farm in Marathon City, Wisconsin. It takes courage to go into an all-white community and no questions asked. Margaret had that kind of courage. She is the stuff pioneers are made out of . . . and she pioneered well at the farm.

Everyone knows Margaret now in Marathon and vicinity, everyone likes her. She has a nice smile for all visitors. She loves making everyone comfortable. Her meals are a delight . . . her ways with youth are a joy to behold. But above all, Margaret loves to praise the Lord in prayer and song. And she surely does it well, beautifully in fact.

When you go to the farm, you will meet Margaret there . . . and you will be better for having met her . . . and you will see for yourself, instead of just reading about them . . . what kind of people our pioneers were . . . It is a grand sight . . . and so is Marge.

receive the crown of life"; if I fall, "It is good for me, O Lord, that Thou hast humbled me," that thus I may learn to know and despise myself . . ."

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The Baroness Jots It Down

AND now, letters are coming in wanting to know about MY DAY. I feel flattered, even though a little plagiaristic, for that title belongs to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's column, and not to me. Moreover, MY DAY or DAYS, in the monotony of their variety, are not glamorous, just ordinary.

Yet I am always glad to oblige our good friends, interested in the ways and life of Friendship House and its workers, so here goes:

Mass at 6 or 6:30 a.m. Breakfast between 7 and 7:45. Housework till ten. For even if Eddie's and my abode is only one-room-bath-kitchenette apartment, there is much to do with and in it. Ten a.m. finds me at my desk, for my mail is fairly voluminous, 400-600 letters or more a month.

Noon, and time to cook lunch, even if it is always the same. Soup and a salad for me and Mary Fregeau, who works with me, and anyone else who happens to drop in. Between 1-3 p.m. rest and a visit to the Bl. Sacrament, plus shopping for dinner and next day's meals. Three sharp back at the desk. Either answering letters, or writing the next book, pamphlet or article. A few minutes for tea (yes, I like tea), and back to work until 5:00 p.m., when time comes to cook again, for myself, Eddie, Mary and whoever comes in. Dishes washed. Compline said, back to more work, or off to the Outer Circle lecture or meetings, if I am home. To bed at 11:30—to rest for another day.

This routine schedule is constantly broken though, what with lectures, friends passing through Chicago, we have so many and everyone always "passes" through Chicago. Lectures break in, and the visitations to the many Friendship House branches, roll around with startling regularity. Time is the most precious commodity I never have enough of. Yes—MY DAY is simple, busy and happy—and so varied, that its variety has become monotonous, yet I would not change places with anyone else.

OUR Begging Letters are out. They come regularly every spring and fall to your desk. And you are weary, as is everyone else of begging letters. I know. But the Negro is weary, so terribly weary of injustice—and the whole world is weary with him—and we are weary, too, with battling, battling against what at times appears but a stone wall.

And the Lord was weary, too, on the Way of Cross—we cannot fail Him—we must keep on fighting even STONE WALLS, for they may crumble before the weapons of Faith, which are charity, hope and fortitude. Will you help us, dear friends, in our fight for Interracial Justice? We promise to go on, no matter what the cost—but we cannot do it alone—we need you—your charity—your alms—PLEASE HELP US TO HELP CHRIST IN THE NEGRO.

MONDAY NIGHTS

"I would like to see established in Harlem a radio station to publicize the accomplishments of the Negro in many fields, particularly music, the arts and sciences. I feel this station would reach white people who never see a Negro newspaper."

Julian P. Reiss,

Catholic member of the New York State Commission Against Discrimination.

"Catholics should be Christ-bearers in everyday life. Baptism and Confirmation

give a divine vocation to give the faith to other people, and be soldiers of Christ. A Communist is always a Communist, whether at home, at a dance, or in the factory. He makes the minority group member his friend wherever he goes and goes out of his way to show what Communism means. We're Catholics in church, school, or conventions but do we act as Christ would have us act in particular cases? Do we wash off our Catholicism with the holy water on leaving the church? A paper owned by Catholics is run by Communists in key

positions. A Catholic girl refused a position on it, though it was pointed out as an apostolate by a priest. We're quick to slam people who speak on the radio but we won't study for radio where we could use our influence for Christ. Communists are made by the actions of other Catholics. If Catholics would be radical we'd have more Catholics. We read that all men are created equal but do we practice it? This influence should be taught in the family which our Holy Father has called 'that noble little cell'."

A Priest

"A theologian once told me on the side, 'Prudence is the virtue people call into play when they don't have the virtue of fortitude.' Being prudent really means taking the long view, 'What will be to God's interest?' Is there a TIME to practice Christian principles? They are eternal and should be practiced as soon as perceived. We must learn Christ's principles. Catholicism is the only dominant philosophy in the world today outside of Communism." Ann Harrigan at New York Forum.

Mrs. J.L. Shelton
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